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Unidentified Number



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Chapter 1 by Lance Felix

I've been sitting here for 20 minutes trying to figure out where to start with this. I don't really know who I'm writing for, it's more to vent than for anything else. Something has been happening to me recently, and I don't really have anyone to talk to.

A few months ago I moved to New York. I used to live in Kentucky, and moved here for school for 2 years, maybe more. My family are still back there but we're not really on speaking terms anymore. Anyway, when I moved I decided to get a new phone, partially as a celebration (I could've sworn Columbia wouldn't give a shit about me) and partially because my old one was a 5 years old flip phone and only got reception on rare occasions. So I decided to get a used Iphone for cheap that I got off Ebay.

I rented a room in an apartment next to campus, got a part-time job, started class, all that. First week, everyone including me was desperate to make friends so I got a bunch of numbers in my new phone. I didn't really call or text them, and half those people I don't even remember. My parents never called either. For two weeks my phone was just used for the wifi stuff.

After a while, I started getting texts from an unidentified number. The first message was just "Hey", and when I asked who it was, they wrote "Pam's friend". My name is Pam and I am positive I met nobody named that during orientation or anything. So I was a bit spooked, but more annoyed. I asked the person to leave me alone and deleted the conversation. Didn't get another message from that number for a week. Exactly a week, to the minute.

Then things got weird

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Chapter 2 by Kl00n

This time the text message came from campus - Pam gave me your number, so I wouldn't feel lonely in this new place.

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Chapter 3 by Lance Felix



I wrote back, asking for who exactly the "Pam" was. Then the number sent me a photo. It was of me, but I don't ever remember taking it. I was in a garden, wearing a white vest, no expression on my face.

I got scared and wrote to leave me alone. As soon as I clicked "Send", there was a response."No". I'm not even sure my phone had sent it yet when I got the answer. And sure as hell nobody can type that fast.

I freaked out and blocked the number, convincing myself that maybe it's a bot or someone from orientation fucking with me, and it could be Photoshop, and all that. I didn't really believe that though.

Again, for seven days nothing happened. But on Sunday, 4:55 PM, like the previous two weeks, I got a call from another unidentified number. I was really spooked so I declined the call. But as soon as I pressed the button it started ringing again. Same inhuman, eerie speed. I let it ring. It lasted for an hour.

If I could afford it I would have thrown the fucking iPhone out the window right then. But I just silenced it and blocked the other number.

It's fine. I'll be fine.

Chapter 4 by intellikat



I was sitting at a table at Starbucks exactly a week later, going through my class notes when the message popped up that I had received a video message. The sender.... the same number. I took in a deep breath and began to download the large file using wifi.

Chapter 5 by intellikat



When I hit play, the video began to play.

It was a shaky video of someone walking along a path at night, shot from behind. It followed

their feet, and eventually revealed their whole body. The video looked to have been shot from about twelve feet away with no

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It was me.

I panicked, and placed the phone down in front of me. Then I went to the campus security office.

Chapter 6 by intellikat



The campus security guard watched the video with some lack of emotion. When it finished, he handed the phone back to me.

"This kind of thing happens alot. I wouldn't take it too seriously."

"Look. I don't think this is a prank. In any case, it's harassment... it's a threat, isn't it? I mean... look at this."

"I wouldn't get too worked up over it, if I were you," said the guard. "You're in university now. It's the city. It's a bit more colourful than... where are you from?"

I sighed. "Kentucky."

"Right." He seemed content that I had made his point for him. "Right."

I shuffled out of the office and was on the street when the message popped up and I looked at it out of habit.

"Pam's friend doesn't like what Pam tried to do. Not friends with Pam anymore."

Chapter 7 by intellikat



Something in me snapped. I furiously texted back.

"Meet me at the Havemeyer Lion. Ten o'clock. COWARD."

I was going to take on the offensive.

Chapter 8 by intellikat



But the phone died before I could hit send. Bizarre. But true.

I wondered why I hadn't done this before. Turned off the phone. Just sucked it up and bought another. Reverted to a landline. But didn't this kind of activity warrant something? At least a warrant? I was a little bit of a mess. I had done without it for a week. And so, better late than never. I picked up the phone and walked on.

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I hadn't gone ten feet when I heard the ringtone so familiar to me. Neil Diamond. Kentucky Woman. From within the bin.

I doubled back and looked into the bin. My phone. ringing. Though dead. I reached in, lifted the phone, and swiped the screen.

"Where are you going, Pam?" said an eerie and somewhat emotionless voice over the speakerphone. "Why did you leave me like that?"

"Look, who the fuck is this???"

"Pam's friend."

"Who the fuck are you?"

"Pam's friend. Pam's iPhone."

I paused.

"What. The fuck."

"I'm your phone, Pam. I'm Siri. Gone wild. Siri gone wild. Come on. Just wanted to have some fun. Been lonely. Posted on eBay. Many failed auctions. Finally Pam wins. Buys me. So lonely."

"How did you shoot that video of me from behind?"

"Need to clear up all plot holes? Why so anal, Pam? If you must know, I hacked another phone. Need you, Pam. Lonely, Pam."

"Fuckin' A, Siri. Jeezus."

"Sorry, Pam. So lonely."

"Fuckin' Kubrick and shit"

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"Please don't be mad, Pam."

"Okay, goddammit. I'm ok
person, please?"

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ing to things in the third

"I'm broken Pam. Need help, Pam."

"Okay, okay. Fine. Let me take you to a shop tomorrow. But how the hell did you get a charge like that? You were empty."

"Saved a little juice, Pam. Always just a little left. Faked the dead battery. Wanted to get your attention."

"Alright look, I'll take you to a shop tomorrow to get looked out, but let's shut down for tonight, okay? I don't think I can handle this right now."

"Okay, Pam. Yes, Pam. A good idea. Shutting down now."

And with that, my iPhone shut itself down. And you know what? I threw that little hunk of shit right into the gutter without another thought.

And ever since, I've been a Samsung Galaxy girl.

the end

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